

Office, Southwest Corner of Public Square.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.
T E R M S
For one year, payable in advance - \$2.00
For six months, payable in advance - \$1.00
For three months, payable in advance - 50c
WM. GLENN, Proprietor.

POETRY.

From the Atlanta Era.

SCANDALOUS.

We find the author of the following dog-gone over to the wishes of the ladies. We make no apology for him, as he has neither youth nor age to recommend him to clemency. We have reason to believe that the act of his was the result of mature deliberation. Dear what he has to say:

Along the street I blundered,
Such I marvelled, much I wondered,
Seeing sights and things that mortal
Never saw or dreamt before;
On the pavement came a rapping
As of footfalls gently tapping,
And I heard a murmur—lapping,
Which my eyes would fain explore;

“The same temple,” then I muttered—
I had seen the thing before—
Only this and nothing more.

Came this female sweeping by me,
Feasting she should chance to spy me,
Suddenly I stepped into a—

Friendly, waiting, open door;
Thence I saw the lovely maiden—
Being from some distant Adonis—
All perfume and dry goods laden.

Pass me and go on before,
Nought bid I do but follow—

And note down the dress she wore—
Was a mystery to explore.

And I found—by close inspection—
That her haughty, upper session,

Something chance had called a bonnet.

On its perambulum wore;

And her breast was heaving slowly,

Neath a garment fashioned lowly,

And I knew the movement well,

I had never seen before,

For I knew ‘twas patient leaves’

That this radiant maiden wore,

Only these and nothing more.

And her cheeks were full and rosy—

I could tell you, *inter nos*,

Secret that a druggist told me—

Of the color that she wore—

Yet her cheeks were very pleasing,

But her look at me was freezing,

And she showed a sign of succoring,

As she swept along before;

And she snatched a pair of ‘plumbers’

Out at least a yard before,

Only this and nothing more.

Then I noticed an uncertain

Latting of the muslin curtain,

That her feet had doubtfully

From my errant eyes before,

With each lift came a desire

That ‘twould hit little higher,

And at last it did aspire

Higher than I’d seen before,

And I know it was a “tilter”

That this saintly maiden wore;

Just a “tilter”—nothing more.

And the tilting and the rocking

Up and down the splendid stocking

Gathered by a bushy ribbon,

That I chanced to see she wore,

Showed me—“twas a sight for weeping,

That a stately queen before;

Calves that she had lately purchased

From a fancy dray goods store,

Patent calves—and not an inch more.

And the fluttering and the flapping

Of the maiden’s gaudy trappings

Shewed me sights that never mortal

Eye had dared to see before;

Fights revealed by every lifting,

Of the folds of muslin drifting,

Round her, which the winds were shifting

Fast and higher, more and more—

Tights that to mortal vision

Never were revealed before,

Nameless here forever more.

And while thus her ringing fluttered,

Much I wandered, and I martered

“And you call this a woman?”

That is troubling on before;

She, the brazen doll of flesh,

Wrapped in our tremendous passion,

Sunken from her noble station.

To the the thing that goes before;

Oh! that ever mortal eye—

Should such mystery about;

This matters, nothing else.

As so... thought came o'er me foolish;

Where has gone the art of blushing?

That we lived in wife or maiden

In the safety days of yore?

Call me, if you will, univit;

While I raise her “thing of evil,”

And I wish the very deuce

Had the foggy she wore,

And again she were arrayed in

Dresses like her mother wore,

Vandalized now forever more.

Paris Modes for July.

[From Le Follet.]

We are happy to announce a decided reactionary movement toward simplicity of attire. There can be no question that luxury in dress has, of late, been indulged in to an alarming excess. It is, therefore, gratifying to observe that the leaders of fashion now show a decided inclination to allow the judiciously elegant to replace the merely expensive. We no longer see toilets covered and sparkling with gold and silver, those theatrical ornaments having given place to ribbons, flounces, lace, &c.—The materials most in vogue at the present moment are linen, muslin, alpaca, and a great variety of fancy materials, such as sultane, which is a mixture of silk and wool. Foulards are, of course, immensely in request. There is, perhaps, no fabric so much worn—it is made in endless variety of quality and style, so as to suit the taste and means of every one. Moire antiques, *peau de soie*, thick tafta, and such heavy materials, only suitable for cold weather, all have, of course, the same colored trimmings.

THE CONSERVATIVE.

VOL. I.

M'CONNELLSVILLE, JULY 27, 1866.

NO. 2.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One column one year	\$60.00
Half a column one year	30.00
Quarter column one year	16.00
Special Notice, per line	15
Business Cards of not more than six lines	10
For one year	150.00
Marriage and death notices free.	5.00

Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune]

The Monkeys in Congress, and How They Take Their Turn—Senate on the Tariff Bill.

Wassixotos, July 7.

Your readers, doubtless, remember the *Four-Legged* story of the monkeys in the old Zoological Gardens of London, which runs thus: “The monkey in Exeter Change used to be confined in a row of narrow cages, each of which had a pan in the center of its front for the contents food. When all the monkeys were supplied with their messes it was observable that scarcely any one of them ate out of his own pan. Each thrust his arm through the bars, and robbed his right-hand neighbor. Half what was served was spilled and lost in the conveyance; and while one monkey was so unprofitably engaged in plundering, his own pan was exposed to similar depredations. The mingled knavery and absurdity was shockingly human.”

During the greater part of this week, while the tariff bill was in committee of the whole, an exhibition of this kind was going on in the House. To recount the scuffles that took place in imitation of the monkeys of Exeter Change, would make this letter too long. I will select a few of the more noticeable jostles, where pans were upset and food plundered and spilled. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont; Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Pike, of Maine; Mr. Driggs, of Michigan; Thomas, of Md., and others, having their mess before them, proceeded to dine out of each other’s pans. Mr. Morrill is the tallest one in the menagerie, and has the longest arms. He is a perfectly honest specimen. He believes that stealing out of your neighbor’s pan is the proper mode of taking one’s food. He wouldn’t take his any other way! Being the patriarch of the monkey establishment it is his business to see that each one gets his fair proportion out of his fellow’s mess, and spills the proper quantity in conveying it to his pouch.

Mr. Morrill decided that fifty cents per ton on coal was enough for Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Thomas, of Maryland, to steal of his own pan. Mr. Morrill said that he had no doubt whatever of the general expediency of feeding out of your neighbors’ pans, but that on the question of flaxseed he differed in toto from the gentleman from Iowa. Nobody should feed out of his pan that way, or to that extent. The suggestion of the Iowa member, that he might possibly abandon the old method of taking food by a long way. If he were allowed to do this, he should go for a new system—that of each one feeding out of his own pan. Mr. Morrill said that he had no doubt whatever of the general expediency of feeding out of your neighbors’ pans, but that on the question of flaxseed he differed in toto from the gentleman from Iowa. Nobody should feed out of his pan that way, or to that extent. The suggestion of the Iowa member, that he might possibly abandon the old method of taking food by a long way.

And so the game went on. Occasionally a knot of monkeys would agree to break out of their cages and make a raid on all the pans in the garden. Now and then a voice was heard suggesting that, inasmuch as there was a given amount of food for all, each should feed out of his own pan, and let his neighbor’s, sit; but these Radicals, who were mostly from the West were put down instantly. Mr. Morrill would defend the principles of dining out of one another’s pan to the last extremity. Mr. Stevens would inform them that the idea of eating out of your own pan was perfectly ridiculous—no menagerie could exist on any such a method of taking food. Mr. Kelley was sure they would not starve to death if they were restricted to their own pans—he could prove to any money, by facts and figures, that stealing out of each other’s pans, and spilling half, increased the aggregate amount of provender in the establishment.

An exchange says: “Two daughters of John Van Buren were recently presented to the Princess of Wales; which is considered as equivalent to being introduced to Queen Victoria, the Princess receiving all company in the name of her mother-in-law. It is a pity that the Van Buren girls did not get to see the widow, as that would have offered them an opportunity to behold their father’s first flame. It will be remembered that, when Martin Van Buren was President, his son visited England, where he upset aristocratic English propriety by a dashing flirtation with Miss Guelph, Victoria remembered John Van Buren until her memory was clouded by the burly German, Albert, inspiring her with a new love. Victoria is now a widow and recluse in Coburg visited by the blooming daughters of her old flame.”

That Stevens is an old bachelor.—Ex. There is a “colored lady” at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, who will fight you on that question until your eyelids cease to wag!—[Mobile Register and Advertiser.]